

DISCONTENT;

15

1489 m. 15

OR, AN

ESSAY

ON

FACTION:

A

SATIRE.

Address'd to the Writers of the CRAFTSMAN,
and other PARTY PAPERS.

*Hoc fonte derivata Clades
In Patriam Populumque fluxit.*

Horat. *Lib. III.*



L O N D O N :

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DISCONTINUED

OF THE

ESSAYS

ON

THE



THE

Addressed to the Writers of the Essays
and other Papers

Published by the

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DISCONTENT, &c.



HAT! must poor harrafs'd *Britain* never rest,
But with continual Faction be distrest?
Still each pert Whipster just got free from Duns,
With long Harangues the patient Hearers stuns;

Sh--p--n talks Hours, to prove himself i'th' wrong;

And Nonsense flows from *B--n--d's* well-tun'd Tongue.

Shall Booby *N--ps* in fine French Trappings drest,

Swear 'cause his *Beer*, his *Judgment* too is best?

Or like a *Dray-Horse* flound'ring in the Mud,

Sink deeper striving to regain the Road?

Shall all be Blockheads in their own dull Track,

And for trite Phrases their thick Noddles rack?

Yet if we write for Truth, or Freedom's Cause,

They cry we sell our Country, and her Laws.

Vainly the *Statesman* toils, the *Hero* wars,

Or drags a Carcase studded o'er with Scars;

Whilst *this* by Malice finds his Measures crost,

And *that* by Faction sees his Lawrels lost:

On us, ingrateful, lavish Heaven in vain

Bestows the Blessings of a *GEORGE's* Reign.

Still *mimick Patriots* prone to Party rise,

With fancied Ills th' unthinking Herd surprise,

And thund'ring *Freedom* to the Vulgar Ear,

Abuse that very Liberty they share.

Why sail our Fleets triumphant o'er the Seas,
 But to procure us Plenty, Wealth and Ease?
 The Joys to come in Danger give Delight,
 We toil for *Quiet*, and for *Peace* we fight.
 Dreadful's the Wave, and loud the Din of War,
 Yet neither can with *secret Foes* compare.

What *Patriot* ever free from Malice liv'd?
 For Envy even *Cato's* Name surviv'd;
 Envy, that on Ambition close attends,
 The same their Motives, and the same their Ends;
 Still viewing Rivals with most jealous Eyes,
 And prompt unguarded Virtue to surprize:
Ambition caus'd our Grandfire *Adam's* Fate,
 Caught by the Devil with his own curst Bait;
 For e'er th' Almighty had our Being form'd,
 This very Sin the Angelic Tribes alarm'd,
 Who to rebel (by a mad Impulse driv'n)
Satan obey'd, the *B--l--b--ke* of Heaven.

From them descended thro' each Class it ran,
 And Men continue as they first began,
 All prone t' oppose whom has more Pow'r than they,
 Fond to be Rulers, hating to Obey:
 Search all the Records of preceding Times,
 AMBITION stands the foremost of our Crimes:
 Pride, Party, and Rebellion claim us all,
 Descendents with us from Old *Adam's* Fall:
 Nor any Earthly *Paradise* can be so blest,
 But some sly *Reptile Devil* will molest.

Ev'n *Israel*, tho' Favourites of their God,
 When freed from *Pharaoh's* strong oppressive Rod,

Spurn'd



Spurn'd their Deliverer, and despis'd their Lot,
 Their Slav'ry, Freedom, and their God forgot;
 Turn'd *Moses'* Care into a Scorn and Laugh,
 And barter'd *Him* and *Heaven* for a *Calf*.

The *World* one constant *Theatre* hath been,
 Where *Parties* oft diversified the *Scene*;
 Now Vice, now Virtue govern'd, now they fail'd,
 And Justice varied as the Chiefs prevail'd:
 By this the *Grecian* Heroes Glory fell,
 And *Rome* had Sons wou'd murmur and rebel;
 Factions in every Part her Empire tore,
 'Till *Rome* submitted to a *Gothic* Pow'r;
 Their barb'rous Legions taught her to obey,
 And her divided Empire sunk away.

BRITAIN still reeking, with her fresh-clos'd Veins
 Of factious Sons, and party Lords complains;
 Too late they've felt the Effects of *Civil* Rage,
 When their dread Sires each other did engage;
 When by an ill-tim'd Zeal a *Monarch* fell,
 And Subjects thought it *Merit* to rebel.

On this grand Axis moves each varying State,
 The Vulgar envy, Great Ones emulate,
 Opposing Vice makes Virtue brighter shine,
 As Discords oft make Harmony Divine:
 Thus Party Heroes blended Poisons are,
 Which may be wholesome if apply'd with Care:
 Motion subsists by Instability,
 Were all Things constant, nothing would agree;
 Bodies are made of Opposites conjoin'd,
 And oft by *Negatives* the Truth we find;

Here mark the Wisdom of foreseeing Heav'n,
 That by Unequals join'd makes all Things ev'n;
 Yet let not Virtue when oppos'd Despair,
 Her Acts will to Eternity appear,
 Whilst all her Enemies are dead to Fame,
 Nor e'er remember'd but with *Scorn* and *Shame*.
 When *future Annals* shall our Story tell,
Walpole's just Praise the bulky Tome will swell;
 How right he judg'd, how bravely, justly thought;
 And shunn'd his *Own*, whilst *Britain's* Fame he fought,
 Resign'd his *Rest*, and sacrific'd his *Ease*,
 His Nation's *Wealth*, and Honour to *increase*;
 Averse to *Titles*, scorning *Vulgar State*,
 His only *Pride* was to be GOOD AS GREAT.

Whilst *P---y*, *St. J--n*,^o venal *A---t* too,
 And all the snarling discontented Crew,
 But thus the silent-blushing Record Shews
 Such Persons were in *Being*, and his *Foes*.

Let *Faction* gild it with what Name she will,
 'Tis all but Discontent and Party still:
 Deep in the Blood the rankling Venom lies,
 Prompt to Rebellion, eager to uprise;
 For *Freedom*, *Property*, and *Trade* they bawl;
 Yet Fear, and Self-Conceit, direct them all:
 So prone to *Change*, they can't in *Treason* fix,
 But vary Feuds lest they should grow prolix:
 Tho' *Whig* and *Tory* now are out of Date,
 Still *Court* and *Country* keep up the Debate:
 If 'mongst the lowest they Rebellion meet,
 They propagate it soon from Street to Street;

Still

Still party Quarrels are their only Care,
 They Smile alike at *Sc-t--d* and Rag-fair.
 Whate'er is just and right, but gives them Pain,
 They hate the *Merit* that they can't attain;
 Fix'd Prejudice and Party makes 'em write,
 And (*if they're honest*) 'tis but out of *Spite* :
Envy's their God, and Interest they adore,
 They only rail, because they're out of Pow'r ;
 Like Bigot Catholicks, devote to Wrath,
 They worship Faction with implicit Faith.

Lo ! in the *West* she holds her Pageant Court,
 A serious Farce kept up with awful Port ;
 A *spurious Coward* trembling at their Head,
 Who Bigots rules, himself by Priestcraft led ;
 Sees his false Diadem shine with feint Gleams,
 Grasps Crowns in Fancy, and of Scepters dreams ;
 To exil'd Villains, and unpardon'd Thieves
 Mock Principalities, and Titles gives ;
 Stiles this a Duke, to that allots Command ;
 Yet he himself's without one Foot of Land ;
 Great as an Idol, there he sits enshrin'd,
 A *Player King* to a dumb Senate join'd ;
 There Mitred Rebels, Reverend Priestly *Knaves*,
 With promis'd Church Revenues he *deceives* ;
 Here every *Malecontent* gives Passion vent,
 The Grand *Asylum* this of *Discontent* ;
 The dusky Roof projects a gloomy Shade,
 Forever dark, no Beams the Place invade ;
 No open Freedom, but low Whispers creep
 Around the dreary Walls whilst Mortals sleep :

The Schemes of Treason each seditious Page,
 Here close preserved their Votaries engage;
 Daggers and Poisons, every secret Death,
 Here all prepar'd in readiness she hath.
 Here long hath flourish'd every baleful Crime,
 Grown almost Reverend by a Length of Time;
 Hell's Storehouse this, it's chief Grand *Magazine*,
 That keeps it's whole *Artillery* of Sin :
 Hence issued Bigottry, and Zealots fir'd,
 Whilst Hundreds in an Hour in Flames expir'd ;
 Hence *Superstition* too, Hell's hottest Fiend,
 Makes *Heaven's Omnipotence* to Murder tend ;
 By *Arms* the Conscience moulds to this, or that,
 And makes it's *G-d-b--d*, like it's *Priest*, a *Cheat* :
 Claims Pow'r Divine on Earth upheld by Force,
 And who disputes it, must be Damn'd of course ;
 So loth their Grand Prerogative to lose,
 They'll not let *Heav'n* of it's own Gifts dispose.
 Hence came each Groan, each Martyr's purple Flood,
 And Liberty and Peace were drown'd in Blood :
 When Fell *MARIA* by *Rome's* Counsel led,
 To please their Fury, doom'd a Nation dead ;
 Why did indulgent *Heav'n* a Thought bestow,
 If Mortals shall prescribe it where to go ?
 Why do we judge, yet want the Power to chuse ?
 Why have we Sense, and must not Reason use ?
 O *FREEDOM*, Sacred Guest ! thou Gift Divine !
 On *Britain* still with happy Influence shine ;
 Let others share Life's Pleasures ting'd with Gall,
Britain is Free, and boldly claims 'em all :

She

She bends not now beneath the Tyrant's Frown,
 Nor toils for Harvests that are not her own.
 Vainly the envious World behold her Great,
 Or her own Bastard Sons pine at her State ;
 Vainly they strive her Discords to resume,
 And vain are all thy Arts, *O Fall'n Rome!*

O'ercome in Force, to covert Guile she flies,
 To Embrio, Treasons, Plots, and dark Surprise ;
 Now bribes a *Murd'rer*, now a *B---p* fees,
 Tries every Form, and varies all Degrees ;
 Her Faith unerring vows a sure Reward,
 Here (or *Hereafter*) you'll be made a Lord ;
 Or failing, 'tis no shame when seen from far,
 Your Quarters black'ning upon *Temple-Bar*.

Now view by Night the deadly Conclave meet,
 And tho' oft baffled, still their Crimes repeat ;
 Then each his diff'rent Province is assign'd,
 To Murder this, to Treason that's confin'd :
 Hence to their Legates they due Orders send,
 A Statesman's poison'd, or a Journal's penn'd.
 See baleful F A C T I O N hov'ring o'er their Heads,
 And her two Darlings to their Presence leads :
 First *Proteus B-dg-ll* various Hues disclose,
 He boasts his Kin *, and one vast Volume shews ;
 Then bowing thrice before the awful Shrine,
 Goddess (he cries) this darling Labour's thine ;
 " This Volume finish'd with much Care and Cost,
 " A Brain quite crack'd, and a long Lawsuit lost ;

* *A-d---n.*

" View me the foremost of thy Rebel Train,
 " In thy Defence, exhaust my venal Brain;
 " From Place, or Pension free, command my Quill,
 " I ask but this Reward---*To make thy Will.*

Then close attending suppliant *A*----*t* kneels,
 And to his mighty Patron thus appeals:

" Have I so long subverted Truth and Sense,
 " And deep immerg'd in Lies for thy Defence,
 " *Studied* untill I knew not how to *think*,
 " And wrote myself quite Knuckle deep in Ink;
 " Cases revers'd, and with learn'd Dissertation,
 " On *this* and *that* quite stupified the Nation:
 " Have I long fought in Prose, and Ribald Rhimes,
 " And rival'd *College Youths* in ringing *Chimes*,
 " In *Dashes*, *Capitals*, *Italics* shone,
 " And made each Labour of the Press my own;
 " 'Tis plain my Wit with Poignancy is join'd,
 " I have been taken up, my Printer fin'd:
 " Shall *B-dg-ll* then be Chief in your Esteem?
 " Who *sleeps* in Politicks, and writes his *Dream*;
 " Adept of Smart's †, rails till he's out of Breath,
 " And by his NIGHT-MARE Muse is *rode to Death*;
 " He said----And *seven* neat Volumes offer'd up,
 The only Grace of *F--k--n's* empty Shop:
 The Villain Sages all smil'd an Applause,
 And bad 'em still keep up the *Good Old Cause*.
 " To judge between such equal Worth is hard,
 " Or say, which is the most accomplish'd Bard;

† *Smart's Key*, alias *Billingsgate*.

" Each

" Each shines conspicuous in a different Light,
 " 'Tis *Fog's* to scold, and *Danvers* best can write;
 " Then for Reward, take this distinguish'd Mark,
Be this our Scavenger, and that his Clerk.

Now Coaches rattling thro' the crouded Streets,
 And a full Town proclaim the Senate meets;
P--t--y gives Hints that *A-----t* may amend,
 And every Day a different *Libel's* pen'd :
 Running with various *Proofs* now *Devils* sweat,
 And Printers toil, that Garretteers may eat.

Now ev'ry Day an Embrio Pamphlet's Born,
 Forgot at Night, tho' publish'd in the Morn ;
 Now o'er the Coffee awfull Blockheads sit,
 The Murd'ers both of Politicks and Wit ;
 Now Clouds of Gloomy Brows *St. Stephens* throng,
 And whisper that the Nation's in the Wrong,
 " When will there be a War?---how goes the *Rhine*?
 Then fix the State, yet know not where to dine.

How soon we censure, and how soon we rail,
 Each is a Mark, tho' each alike is frail ;
 And right, or wrong, are merely things of Course,
 We judge as rul'd, by Flattery, or Force ;
 Which of their Party boasts a Conscience just,
 That ne'er turns Recreant to his former Trust ?
 Unfays, unswears what he has vow'd before,
 And hates the Power which he did adore ;
 Like *Dives* rails, reasons like *Syphax* strong,
 Give him a Place, he 'as done and holds his Tongue ;
 Say, will the Priest, whose Wish with Grandeur fir'd,
 To *Lambeth*, or to *Sarum's* See aspir'd ?

When failing both, his doubtful Pen confine,
 Nor prostitute his Calling, tho' Divine?
 The needy Lawyer, banish'd from Term Fees,
 In Faction's College takes his just Degrees ;
 And each abandon'd Wretch, lost to Remorse,
 Makes *Dirt* and *Politicks* his last Resource ;
 The Scum of Colleges they ne'er refuse,
 But Dub each *Scribling Hack* a *Patriot Muse* ;
 Like batter'd Lechers quite decay'd, worn out,
 These feel their Wit infect them like the *Gout*.
 Others insipid, without Spleen or Thought,
 Finding their Volumes still remain unbought,
 With trite Expressions join the common Yell,
 Poor Souls ! they cavil that their Works may sell :
 The petty Pamphletteers dismay'd behold
 Poems, a mighty Number still unfold.
 Young *Claro* with a happy Genius blest,
 Close to the Muse his Faculty address,
 A pretty Moral Piece his Muse produc'd,
 A Printer sought, the Poem strait perus'd ;
 " The Thought is good, the Language smoothly flows,
 " Some Satire too on Prudes, Coquettes, and Beaux ;
 " But Sir excuse me, tis not fit to Print,
 " There is no *Scandal*, no *Reflection* in 't ;
 " Would you be now a Poet in Esteem,
 " In Malice write, and *W--p--e* be your Theme.
 O doughty *St. J--n* ! Mighty Scribler ! say,
 Which Sacred Pieces thy dread Pen obey ?
 Shall we in *Trott* thy Wit and Learning seek,
 Or find thee in dull *Danvers* once a Week ?

Or

Or does thy costive Brain, stupid, prolix,
 On hard-strain'd labour'd Dissertations fix ?
 Do they, inspired, with former Letters, come,
 From the soft Desk of Beauteous G----y's B--m ?
 Thy Thoughts examine, dost thou share the Curse
 Of being insensible to all Remorse ?
 What Doom must wait the impious Wretch who dares
 Still plunge his Native Land in endless Jars ?
 Why dost thou pine to see a nobler Blaze,
 Dazzle thy mimic and reflected Rays ?
 When the great *Orb of Light* his Warmth bestows,
 Call'd by his Genial Heat new Verdure grows,
 In waving yellow gilds the ripen'd Corn,
 And with one Charm does Nature's Face adorn :
 Shall we all the vast beauteous Scene despise,
 Because its Beams o'ercome our aching Eyes ?
 Yet each Research his *Proteus* Soul pursues,
 A mix'd mad Medley ting'd with various Hues ;
 Can *sooth* and *flatter*, or in *Torrents* roar,
 As suits his Interest, and augments his Pow'r.
 A *Patriot* Disloyal, and unjust,
 Of *Honour* writes, whilst he betrays his *Trust* ;
 Reviles the Man, who gave him second Life,
 And the *great Boom* returns with *Party Strife* ;
 Nay, to plume up his vain ambitious *Wing*,
 He 'd sell his G--d, as once he sold his K--g.

Others by specious Arts of *Friendship* sue,
 And only flatter when they would undo ;
 Like Mongril Curs, that full of hidden Spite,
 Will *lick* your Hands, that they may deeper *bite* ;

Who

Who loudly 'gainst ambitious Sway exclaim,
 Tho' Pow'r is still their only End and Aim;
 Deny all *Party*, tho' in every View,
 'Tis not the Man, but Faction they pursue;
 Under this Head is *P----*'s Malice plac'd,
 An *Outside Shew*, by *Innate Fraud* debas'd.

By false Appearance all Mankind's deceiv'd,
 Talking of Truth and Honour he's believ'd;
 His trifling *Virtues* many *Vices* hide,
 Merit conspicuous must the Test abide;
 All are prepared her Failings to upbraid,
 For strongest *Light* reflects the darkest *Shade*;
Scandal's the dear, the darling Theme of all,
 Who merits most, on him both Vulgars fall:
Detraction, like a *Star* from *Æther* shot,
 Alarms at first, but instant is forgot;
 Unkill'd to shine in the bright Face of Day,
 In Darkness wastes its feeble glim'ring Ray;
 Whilst by the *Sun* that gives us *Day* and *Light*,
 We *Clouds* distinguish, and we know the *Night*.

Britons, a fickle and unthinking Race,
 Meanly ungrateful, or most sevile base;
 Who injures them, can willingly forgive,
 Yet curse the Man from whom they ought receive:
 Does not all *Europe* now our Dictates wait,
 And Subject Kings expect from us their Fate?
 E'en anxious *Poland* hopes from *Britain's* Laws,
 Press'd by each Rival King to own his Cause;
 Whilst Half the Globe's disturb'd with dire Alarms,
 She sits unmov'd amidst the Clank of Arms;

Sees

Sees her bold Sons make every Bliss their own,
 In the rich Traffic of each plunder'd Zone ;
 With Shame rejects the mean, the servile few,
 Who Faction, Fraud, and Malice still pursue :
 On them no other Curse but this be sent,
 Let 'em be still un plac'd and discontent !
 Or conscious of their Infamy resort,
 To flatter in their mimic Monarch's Court.
 Grant us, ye Pow'rs ! but GEORGE'S milder Sway,
Pleas'd whilst we *Wonder*, *Proud* whilst we *Obey* ;
 With innate Pride our Monarch's Power own,
 Whilst Sense and Virtue decorate the Throne ;
 See every Nation their glad Tribute bring,
 And Subject Monarchs all behold our King,
 Like the great Orb of Light superior shine,
 As that *Diffusive*, and as that *Divine*.

See *Faction* close pursued by Fear and Dread,
 On them her deadliest Bane and Venom shed,
 And give to each her own peculiar Mark,
 To *S-----n*, *W---b---m*, *P--t--y*, and the *Clerk*.
 See Northern Plodders, big with Party, come,
 To *hold their Tongues* in good *St. Stephen's* Dome ;
 Whilst generous *Faction*, to reward such Worth,
 Bids at each Stationers their Arms shine forth.
 Lo ! on each Post their blazon'd Shields appear,
 Whilst Coblers gape, and Chairmen all revere ;
 See Pamphlets, Journals, ---- in Confusion hurl'd,
 And Politicks and Smoak amuse the World ;
 See Draymen close in Consultation fit,
 Over stale *Porter*, and great *Danvers'* Wit ;

Here

Here fix thy Triumph, these thy Muse invite,
 For these can *judge*, as bad as thou can'st *write*:
 Still thy unmeaning *Dissertations* pen,
 Exploded by all Wise, and Honest Men;
 Subvert the Truth, each Inuendo stretch,
 And still remain a *dull unmeaning Wretch*.

For me, unus'd to write, I boast no Art,
 'Tis *Nature* flowing from an *honest Heart*:
 I claim my Pardon from the Theme I sing,
 Which is my *Country, Freedom, and my King*.



F I N I S



